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IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

A very curious ancient metal figure, of which the annexed cut is an exact representation, in a reduced size, has been recently found in the bog of Ballykerogue, county of Waterford, and is at present deposited in the interesting museum of Mr. Anthony, of Pilltown, in the same county. It is in high, or rather three-quarter, relief, having a flat or mural back, and measures nine inches in height, and seven in breadth at the base: the weight is sixteen pounds. The part of the bog in which it was discovered, had not been cut before, within the memory of man.



We are not prepared, at present, to offer any conjecture relative to the subject of this very singular remain, and shall, therefore, merely express our opinion that its style indicates it to be of very high antiquity. Our chief object in presenting it to the notice of our readers is to put its discovery on record, and at the same time to acquaint the public that our columns shall be open at all times for the reception of any authenticated communications that may be offered to us, respecting antiquities found in Ireland, and our best efforts given to elucidate them. The quantity of antiquities, as well of the precious as of the inferior metals, constantly found in Ireland, is, we are persuaded, much greater than those who are little conversant with such matters could form a notion of, or deem possible. Yet, of these, from the want of an enlightened taste in our gentry, and still more, of a national museum, for the preservation of such remains, but a very small portion indeed come under public notice, or escape the crucible of the mechanic, or destruction in some mode or other. Figures of bronze, and other metals, have been frequently found. Mr. Ouseley had in his museum many such; and Governor Pownal speaks of a large figure of wood, covered with thin plates of gold, and which he supposed to have been a statue of Mithras, which was found in the county of Tipperary. Of these, and many other remains of the kind, which have been found in our island, there are now no existing memorials. We are anxious to promote a more national and enlightened spirit; and court the co-operation of those who sympathize with us in feeling this to be a subject worthy the regard of all who possess refined and cultivated minds.

THE DRAMA.

WERNER.—OSMYN.

MACREADY's engagement terminated on Saturday evening; and we may say, without intending to be very poetical, that one of the brightest of the stars which gilded our western hemisphere this winter, has departed from us. His setting, too, was extremely brilliant—his last appearance being in Osmyn. The star with the baleful influence which his own early system, which alone is found to succeed in Dublin, has its advantages and its disadvantages, like most other sublunar things. As we can

seldom calculate or having even two or three of the first magnitude before us at once, we must in general wait for some favorable conjunction which may bring about the arrangement we should desire. Thus we have been deprived of Macready's Cassius this season—a representation the most perfect that we ever remember to have seen; Young's Iago, and the Kean's Shylock, are master-pieces, personifications respectively perhaps never equalled: but

the Cassius stands, at least in our mind, the first in the foremost rank of histrionic wonders; in it the actor outdoes himself—it takes precedence even of his Virginius and William Tell, characters which he alone can represent to perfection. It would seem indeed to be the peculiar prerogative of Macready, to appropriate to himself every new character that he studies; and we should be almost tempted emphatically to pronounce this to be the case with his Werner and Osmyn, in the newly performed Dramas of Byron and Maturin. But nobody has a better right to them. It is highly probable, that but for the critical discernment of Macready, these literary gems might have rested in as much obscurity as if they were buried in "the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean." Werner was published for some years, it is true; but it had no admirers. The author was taken at his word—as more modest authors but too often are—it was simply understood to be an adaptation and development of a favorite story, but neither suited nor intended for stage effect. Yet by a few judicious curtailments, and a slight accession (not alteration) to the catastrophe, Macready saw how it could be rendered a most effective tragedy. The chief curtailments are observable in the lopping off some speeches of the minor characters, which did not bear very strictly on the plot—those of Werner are untouched; and the catastrophe is heightened, by Ulric's arrest as he goes off in bold defiance, Gabor the Hungarian having procured an armed band for the purpose. Werner, too, dies broken hearted in pronouncing the concluding speech. Such is the whole amount of Mr. Macready's theatrical editorship; and it is enough, as we conceive, to render Werner a most valuable accession to the best stock pieces of our theatres. It is stamped—but we hope not quite monopolized, by the impress of Macready's excellent performance—Young, or Charles Kemble, might very well perform the part, and find in it ample room for the display of their powers. We shall not stay to make further remarks on Werner. The passages which told best in the representation, may however be briefly noticed. These were, Werner's short dialogue with Stralenheim in the first act; his attempted justification of the theft in the second; in the fourth, the interview with the abbot, when Werner rids himself of the stolen gold, by bestowing it for masses for the soul of Stra-

lenheim; and in the last act, we seldom recollect to have heard any thing more powerfully touching than the manner in which Macready pronounces the lines:—

Stop! I command—intreat—implore! Oh Ulric! Will you thus leave me?

There is no spilling of blood in the catastrophe. Werner falls under the pressure of mental agony—the victim of remorse—fully impressed by the baleful influence which his own early

Osmyn is a tragedy of another description. It is of a higher and more complicated and stirring interest. Werner is simply beautiful and dignified, while Osmyn is grand, nay gorgeous, profusely adorned with the sublime imaginings, and the glowing language, which befit the heroic strains of Osmyn, Werner may be almost accounted a domestic tragedy. The place, the period, the plot, and the personages of Osmyn, are chosen with great skill—they fasten strongly on the feelings of the audience. We behold the retributive justice of an overruling Providence displayed in fearful operation. A ruined man rashly despairs—spurns his country and his religion—cherishes the prospect of revenge for twenty years—and at last falls a victim—taken in his own toils. Such was Osmyn—once the prince of Salerno. The sudden irruption of a neighbouring prince, stripped him of every thing, save life—and this was allowed him only to be lingered out in the torment of darkness, and famine, and chains. He escapes; but cut to the soul by witnessing what he conceives to be the unfaithfulness of Matilda, his beloved wife, he flees to the shore; flings back in desperation the cross he always wore upon his bosom; joins the Ottoman, and at once becomes a renegade and the sworn enemy of his country. Twenty years pass over him in the service of the Turks; and while honors are heaped upon him for his bravery and military talents, they are hoarded up and cherished as the future instruments of revenge. At length he commands an armament against Salerno; storms it; but restrains his somewhat relenting fury against the survivors, in condemning his own son to be a slave as a victim for them. He conceives the youth to be the son of his destroyer; he knows not that Guiscard was "the unborn burthen of Matilda's bosom," when ruin came upon the unhappy Osmyn. The disclosure comes too late; the prince is saved indeed, but the father falls by the scymetar of a ruthless enemy. What we have here attempted to relate in a few brief words, constitutes the outline of the tragedy. The action commences with the siege of Salerno, and terminates with the death of Osmyn. It would occupy a much larger space than we can at present afford, to point out even a few of the numerous beauties which adorn the piece; but we are the less anxious on this head, as we hope to present our readers, at an early opportunity, with some extracts from the manuscript. Those who have witnessed the representation will not readily forget the narrative of Osmyn at the beginning of the third act. The description of the dungeon; the darkness; the famine he endured; the frigidity, escape, and the desperate condition in which he cursed his country and his God—all this, uttered by Macready, formed one of the most heart rending tales we ever heard. Then the whole interview with Guiscard, while he only knows him